

CANDOUR

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Views - Letter*

To defend national sovereignty against the menace of international finance

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NOW YOU SEE IT, NOW YOU DON'T!

by ROSINE de BOUNEVIALLE

THERE was a time when those of us who knew what was going on in the world of international politics loathed it all but felt helpless. Now, it appears - and not only in the bespoke media - that we know what is going on and we like it, so we are helpless.

Increasingly, in too many of our "exchange" publications, the benedictions pronounced over Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher present them as latter-day Georges and Joans slaying red dragons and exhorting supine powers to fight for freedom from foreign thrall. We used to know that Ronnies and Maggies do not arrive on the visible heights by the power of their own undoubted theatrical and domestic qualities. Selection by quite another invisible Power is necessary. Still more certain were we that every blood-stained monster from Lenin to Gorbachev had to be sponsored and sustained as long as it was considered expedient by that same Power for its own arcane purposes.

Mesmerised Admiration

But now no longer. The more it becomes impossible to conceal the artificiality of the scenes performed for our gullibility, the more public admiration the actors excite. The more contradictory are the stances adopted by the alleged protagonists in the world theatre of operations, the more enthusiastic is the public response whenever the G.P.s of Democracy gather to debate the benefits to be derived from the latest amputation decreed for the cancerous patient strapped to the political operating table. Whether the temperature is hot, cold or tepid, we can all see the poor creature is being brutally murdered, and yet we behave as if we were the ones anaesthetised. Thus, that the play is no longer credible does not really matter so long as the onlookers stay in absorbed silence when they cannot actively participate. How can we doubt this when the Power that first implanted the cancerous cells now contemptuously allows its designed amputations to be performed in public in the certainty of the bewildered victim's willing co-operation and the spectators' mesmerised admiration?

We have long been used to learning through the media all that guff about "no loss of sovereignty" or "peace through negotiation". "Gorbachev is a man I can work with," we were told, and "Reagan will support the Contras no matter what." Who remembers that we could "celebrate the reality of the independent separateness of the East German state"? And so it goes on ad-sanguinary-nauseam. Now, with equal equanimity we hear that in 1992 we shall all have European passports and that the Olympic Games awarded to Seoul (great emphasis on the city venue) are to be shared with North Korea under threat of Communist boycott. But we are brave and don't care if the Communists do boycott. "It will hurt them more than us". Bah!

On a less serious note, it is either the B.B.C.'s Prayer for the Day or

the World Service's Reflections that comes from all regardless of race, creed or colour. Everything is equally valid. On Monday we can hear a Roman Catholic from some liberal communion; on Tuesday a Protestant from Northern Ireland; Wednesdays and Thursdays, Baptists, Buddhists or Born-again Christians. Friday, however, the day Our Saviour died for us, is given over to Islam, which puts Him on a level somewhat lower than Mahomet. Saturday, in some quarters dedicated to Mary, Mother of God, is the "B."B.C.'s Sabbath reclaimed by the Jews who rejected her Son. Sunday is a free-for-all except racists, fascists and orthodox Catholics. Abortionists, gays, lesbians, fornicators, adulterers and miscegenators can all have their sympathised-with say as long as they are filled with caring-sharing concern for the Inner Cities and the Third World.

Our polls are so filled with perversion that we will readily agree to a tax on them further to promote our own destruction, nationally, racially and spiritually. All is accepted with only a decreasing murmur in the tiny underground stream whose spring is always in danger of being blasted away.

Royal Assent

What greater manifestation of the sovereign power of our real rulers can there be than the spectacle of our so venerated Monarch serenely administering blow after mortal blow on the vitals of the sovereign people whose rights and customs she swore before God to defend? It is painfully obvious that Her Majesty's concern over the infantile romps indulged in by members of her immediate family can only be lest by such behaviour the spell-binding miasma of the Royal assent should lose its efficacy. Irresponsibility can hardly go further than in the counter-signing of the Abortion and Sodomy Acts, to say nothing of the Treaty of Rome.

When "the personal embodiment of the law", as Edward Hyde described Charles I, surrenders that sovereign state to a foreign commission, we - the people subject to that law - have nothing to cling to but the ideal of monarchy, and hope by supporting it to induce its native restoration.

THEY WILL BETRAY YOU YET, THESE "TRUE BLUES"

NO better example of the "benedictions pronounced over Thatcher" comes to mind than the sentiments expressed in the July leading article of Ivor Benson's **Behind The News**. Here are some extracts:

"Mrs Margaret Thatcher's stunning victory in the recent British general election...was a happening of the greatest imaginable importance to Britain, to the West and, therefore, to the whole world not because of any immediate effect it is likely to produce, but rather as a sign that something of importance had begun to happen all over the world....Revolutionary forces which have given the world a century of conflict and tragedy without any precedent in history can now be seen to have suffered a change that could be irreversible....

"She has at least started the process of setting in reverse that revolution which, ever since the end of World War II, has been drawing

Britain towards a total surrender of everything for which Britain ever stood as a free and independent nation. She had to ride along with the revolution - for example, she had to go along with the betrayal of kith and kin in Rhodesia [Oh, yes? After promising that a Tory Government would grant recognition to Rhodesia, Thatcher's first act after being elected was to rush to the Commonwealth Conference in Lusaka and immediately capitulate to the murderous thugs of the Marxist "Patriotic Front" - Editor] - but much that lay within the bounds of the possible she dared to attempt and has largely succeeded in doing...

"Mrs Thatcher has secured massive public support to press on with a counter-revolution; that is, the reversal of a revolutionary process which has afflicted the whole world in our century. In all the circumstances, this seems to have been a task that only a woman would have dared to attempt, a woman with a will capable of resisting the almost irresistible persuasions of expediency...."

Heads They Win, Tails We Lose

Ivor Benson is a staunch and valued fighter in our cause. If we experienced a certain shock when reading those words, it was not because of any thought that he was proving false to his ideals. That thought would never enter our heads. Rather, what we have always considered to be an immutable principle for those who are Right as opposed to Wrong appears in this case not to be regarded in that light. The principle, briefly stated, is that the masters of international policy - and let it be said without hesitation that whoever denies the reality of that masterdom is blind - have so well organised the world that their stakes in any given programme are equalled only by their stakes in the alternative programme, whatever that alternative may be.

The reality behind the Thatcher illusion was summed up by John Tyndall in the July issue of **Spearhead**: "Although all of the three main political groups fighting this last election are mere puppets of the forces controlling the media, of these puppets it is the Tories who are by far the most preferred. It is that party and its present leader [our emphasis - Editor] who are the most solidly committed to the internationalist, liberalist, one-world idea that is the dominant ruling orthodoxy in Britain today. That is why the Tories have been in office (we will not say 'in power' because the reality is that real power lies elsewhere) for the past eight years and will be for a number of years yet."

Enemy tactics are either to attack in pincer movements or else to put into operation alternative plans to secure the same broad objective by other means. That accounts for the Tories superseding Labour as the party with the most-committed one-world outlook. In these circumstances, is it not a little naive to suggest that thanks to Mrs Thatcher we are seeing "the first clear signs of a turning of the tide against a big-money revolution which has given the world a century of conflict without precedent in recorded history"? If it is to be the high and heroic destiny of the British people to regain control over their own affairs, we may be absolutely certain that the initiative will not come from the self-seeking and time-serving careerists of Westminster. We should not resort, therefore, to being what A.K. Chesterton called "tipsters shouting the odds in the race for office of those who are already sold." Indeed, our greatest strength and potency should be our absolute refusal to compromise with the system of deceit known as Parliamentary Democracy.

RESTORING THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE

by NOEL HUNT

WITHIN living memory millions of Englishmen accepted without argument that it was the duty of a real man to buy and own the house in which he lived, to pay for the education of his children, to make provision for his old age and to pay for the medical expenses of his family and himself. While they stuck to this simple and sturdy independence, Englishmen ruled the world. Recently, duped by the siren song of the socialist, the Englishman has allowed the State to take over what had been the duty and the pride of the self-respecting Englishman. There have been several results of this change of policy, all of them bad for the individual.

For one thing, an enormous and ever-growing octopus of State "care" has grown up. This rides on the back of the Englishman as The Old Man of the Sea rode on the back of Sinbad the Sailor. Another result is that, in order to pay for this swollen empire of professional care, the Englishman is taxed more highly than many other places in the world. Yet another is that as a result of handing over to the State the responsibility for his family's health which is rightly his, the Englishman has put himself at the mercy of the professional meddlers and busybodies who flourish everywhere. The vicious, almost hysterical, campaign against smoking and smokers is an example. Since the busybodies can plausibly claim that their taxes help to pay for the treatment of, say, lung cancer, they claim the right to interfere in health matters of which they disapprove. If the Englishman footed his own medical bills, he could rightly pull their interfering noses and tell them to mind their own business. Since the State now pays, the average man must submit to the officious and irritating busybodies which our society produces in such enormous numbers.

N.H.S. - The Next Move Forward?

The present Government was elected on a promise to reduce government interference in the lives of the citizens. The health services are an obvious place to start. Yet little has been done in this field. It is widely recognised that there is something wrong with our Health Service. So there is. The Conservatives profess to believe that their political principles hold the remedy for this and many other ills. Conservatives hold that the system of national - not international - capitalism can solve any economic problem, and solve it more cheaply and more efficiently than can any other system devised by man. History says that they are right. Even Karl Marx admitted that this is so. So why, one wonders, do the Conservatives not apply their political principles to the thorny problem of the National Health Service?

The first indispensable necessity is the political will to give back to the Englishman the right to choose for himself. It is indeed difficult to imagine many of the trucklers and fence-sitters in the Conservative Party mustering the resolution to do this. None the less, what is required is a firm commitment by the Government to this course. There are numerous schemes today - BUPA is one - designed to meet medical costs. What is needed is for membership of such schemes to become the norm and not the exception. Let the market be encouraged to set up other such schemes, to compete among themselves for the huge market created by such a decision. It is, of course, essential that the subscriptions paid to these medical aid societies be tax deductible.

Since the citizen would be assuming the cost of meeting his own medical needs, there could be an immediate and massive reduction in the amount of money spent on medical services. Many hospitals, for instance, could and certainly would be taken over by private medicine. New hospitals and medical centres would, no doubt, be built once private enterprise was convinced of the need. The impending end of the closed shop means that the vice-like and intolerably costly, selfish and inefficient grip of the trade unions on hospital staff can be broken at last. The way would be clear for a cheaper and more efficient service, with employees having to sell their services for what they were worth rather than for what they could extort from the public purse.

Not all family heads will want or, indeed, be able to afford to join the most expensive medical aid societies. This is of no moment: private enterprise can and, if allowed, will provide a sufficiency of schemes to appeal to all tastes and to all income levels. We are told on the highest authority that the poor we have always with us. They may for a variety of reasons, often only temporary, be unable to pay the costs of needed medical care. Here is a field for private charity. Private charity was active in this sector once, and can and should be again. Christians, Jews and Muslims are all enjoined by the tenets of their faiths to contribute a tithe of their earnings to charity. This, supplemented by government grants in aid (strictly limited to the absolute minimum necessary), should go far towards making minimal care available to the needy. In addition, there could be a system of loans and grants to assist those in need. Why should we not take a leaf out of the books of various other countries and set up a National Lottery, the proceeds to be available either as loans or grants to the needy?

Returning Responsibility To The Individual

If England is to thrive and prosper, somehow the crushing burden of taxation must be reduced. The scheme outlined above would enable massive tax cuts to be made, the money remaining in the hands of those who earned it to spend or to invest as they saw fit. The streamlining and reduction to an inescapable minimum of the National Health Service, its increased efficiency and, above all, the massive reduction in costs, and so in taxes, are all most desirable. [Substantial tax cuts could be made were the Government to call a halt to the fraud of borrowing money for public expenditure from moneylenders who create it out of nothing. Indeed, there could be a reduction in taxation with no reduction in any essential services were the Government to have the courage to restore the issue and control of our currency to the Crown - Editor.]

But the greatest benefit of all would be that the average man was given back his right to decide for himself what he needs for his family, and to choose for himself how he will make such provision. The system, too, would be more logical than today's. Our present system, heavily influenced by the nonsense talked by the egalitarian, assumes that everyone must be forced into the Procrustean bed of the National Health Service. What is proposed, in fact, is that the citizen should make choices about his medical needs rather than the "caring professions". They think that they know best. They do not. Family decisions are best made by families, not by civil servants of egalitarian beliefs who do not have to worry about the cost of what they see as desirable for Everyman.

The "caring professions" and their allies, the trade unions, will of

course oppose the suggestions set out above to the death. They stand in general for more, ever more, State-funded care. The inevitable and never-mentioned result of all this is that ever more well-paid and not unduly onerous jobs are created, each with security of tenure and an index-linked pension at the end of the road. Their well-organised lobby appeals to sentiment rather than to facts and their ready access to the media, plus their support among biens pensants everywhere, make them a formidable obstacle to change. It is only fair to concede that many of those wishing to see the State as the sole supplier of medical care genuinely believe that this is the best way. But it is not. The screech of the grinding axe must be ignored.

The only way to cope with the flood of protest, concern and special pleading is for the Government to drive it home constantly to the tax-payer and the family man firstly, that the proposals will mean massive tax cuts; and secondly, that the individual is being given back the right to decide for himself what is best for his family. He must again start to make decisions for himself, instead of leaving them to the gentlemen in Whitehall.

If for but one decade the average Englishman could be given back the right to choose - and to pay for - the level of health care that he wants; to choose - and pay for - the type of education that he wants for his children; to choose - and pay for - the type of pension and its amount that he wants when he retires, we should transform England. It might again become the nation of upstanding individualists that made it the home of one of the most valuable human stocks. That great man Abraham Lincoln told us truly: "You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong. You cannot build character by taking away a man's initiative. You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they can and should have done for themselves." The electoral response to a proposal to make men responsible for themselves would at least show whether the English people are worth saving, or whether they are so rotten with socialism that they are prepared to live as faceless helots.

B A L L O O N I N G

Is Virgin worth a nickel?
Or condoms worth much more?
Is Branson in a pickle
'Cos his balloon can't soar?

Is the stunt of drifting
The ocean Atlantic
Deferred to forces lifting
To matters more frantic?

Soon to have the milkman,
The plumber and his mate
Touting the protection
For sex upon a plate?

D.I.Y. and B.R.,
Stewardess - aeroplane,
Usherette - theatre
All vending precious bane.

The rubber seal of Branson
Now soon in all the shops,
At thirty pence an item,
And there sweethearting stops.

Sodom and Gomorrah
Are risen from the dust;
Archbishop, sing Hosanna,
For sodomy on trust.

Alas for thirty-pieces
With new significance
As sexual hysteresis
Takes over from romance.

B.E. BIGGS

Read OPEN SESAME by B.E. Biggs.
Price £1 from Candour Publ. Co.

A CAUSE FOR SHAME

by H.C. MORRIS

THE cold political cynicism of the Hawke Government initiating a nazi hunt in Australia for crimes committed more than forty years ago in another country leaves me almost ashamed to call myself an Australian.

Between 1948 and 1950, Australian war crime trials were held on Manus Island to bring to justice several hundred Japanese, whose war crimes included such things as beating Australian prisoners to death, cannibalism, throat-cutting and the murder of allied soldiers and civilians alike. As one of the few survivors of the initial Japanese occupation of New Guinea, I saw at first hand some of the atrocities.

Mass Murders And Cruelty

In accordance with impeccable legal procedure, about three hundred of the prisoners were condemned to long terms of imprisonment and twenty-four were condemned to death. For the most part, each of the condemned men was guilty of mass murders and cruelty beyond forgiveness. As the Senior Commonwealth Civilian Officer on Manus Island I sat through most of the trials, maintained the prison quarters, and constructed the facilities for the execution.

In due course, the first five criminals were hanged and their bodies disposed of at sea. Then before the rest met their just and proper fate, an urgent signal was received from Australia suspending all further retribution and directing that all prisoners, irrespective of their sentences, be repatriated to Japan. Accordingly, they left Manus as repatriated "soldiers" instead of repatriated criminals, with the Senior Australian Service Officer exchanging military courtesies with the Senior Japanese Service Officer - a naval dignitary sentenced to life for his share in past atrocities.

Forgiven And Forgotten

At the same time I received a letter from a senior Member of Parliament, who himself had been a prisoner of war, telling me that all charges and due retribution had been dropped as a condition for Japan and Australia signing an agreement for a long-term coal contract. So all was forgiven and forgotten in the interests of King Coal.

How come that forty years later there is a sudden sickening and cynical urge to hunt for Nazis, while the Japanese still go free? All that I can say is shame on those concerned, and ask for an explanation to satisfy this ex-soldier, and several hundred thousand others, who must be equally disgusted.

EDITOR'S NOTE

The "cynical urge to hunt for Nazis" in Australia has the same motivation as the hounding of Anatasas Gecas in Scotland and the trial of John Demjanjuk in Israel. They are part of a decades-old programme of psycho-political warfare. The purpose? To help maintain a world-wide climate of opinion responsive to the untested allegations of the alleged victims of the "Holocaust", described by the playwright Jim Allan as "the most abiding myth of modern history". And while death and time threaten to deprive the Holocausters of victims to try, it looks like there will never be a shortage of "survivors" to witness! They are apparently indestructible.

ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK IN AN ABORTION CLINIC

by BARBARA EYRE, S.R.N., S.C.M.

EIGHT o'clock. A misty October morning. The quiet suburban street is alive with the sound of cars and taxis drawing up outside number 58, a large Victorian house on the corner. On the wall is a sign - Oakdene. Registered Nursing Home. The patients are all women. Go two steps up, across the large porch, and through the inner door. In the office, the night nurse is reporting to the day sister the events of the night. At the end of the corridor, in a small room off the autoclave and sluice, the day nurses are struggling into uniforms and theatre garb.

Downstairs the auxiliaries are rushing about tucking fresh linen packs under the mattresses and, one by one, the patients are brought in to occupy the virginal beds. The theatre is ready. The anaesthetist has taken her place at the head of the table and is checking the anaesthetic machine and the ampules of pentothal. The day-sister is dressed in green, and her eyes over the white mask are watching every move. The doctor arrives and settles himself on the rubber-topped stool at the foot of the table. The suction machine and a trolley of shining instruments are placed within his reach.

Jigsaw Puzzle

The first patient is wheeled in and placed on the table. The needle is in her vein and her legs are in the stirrups. The anaesthetic hisses, and the doctor drapes the green towels and picks up the first dilator. A seven-week pregnancy, so the suction machine is used, washing the inside of the uterus with warm sterile water and sucking the tiny human being away from the safety of its walls. Before the patient can go back to bed, all these tiny bits of tissue will be placed together on a stainless steel draining-board to see if they make a whole. Like a jigsaw puzzle. Miniature arms and legs will be laid out with the spine and skull. It might be difficult to find the face; this is often torn away from the cranium by the force of the suction machine. It is all there. The patient is wheeled away. She is no longer pregnant.

Helga is screaming, and the two girls who have been put in the same room are beginning to look worried. Like her, their pregnancies are well advanced, so they will have to go through a premature labour. A nurse hurries into the room with a shiny dish. She pulls the curtain around Helga and murmurs to her. The German girl moans and then goes quiet. The cervix is not yet dilated, but it won't be long. She has been in labour for fifteen hours. She is 26 weeks pregnant.

Ten o'clock, and the surgical list is half completed. Helga is making strange noises. The nurse gives the regular dose of prostaglandin - a hormone - via the catheter. She finds the catheter in the bed, and Helga is grunting in the second stage of labour. It is almost time. On go the gloves and masks, and a sterile pack is opened. Paper towels are arranged on the bed, and a radio is brought in and turned on. Loud music drowns Helga's cries. The volume is soon turned higher to drown the other sounds, the cries of the child. Then they stop, and a paper-wrapped parcel is taken hurriedly from the room. The music is turned off and Helga is quiet.

Mid-day, and the staff begin their lunch rota. The two girls in Helga's room have become quite friendly now the tension has gone. Melanie is

18, a student teacher from Brighton. She tells herself it is an operation she must have, or give up her teaching career. After the insertion of the catheter she feels a faint fluttering in her stomach, like a butterfly. She does not know what it is - is not aware that it is the first discernible movements of the foetus. June is 30, not happily married. After a thoughtless affair she is now 17 weeks pregnant. She is very tense when the doctor comes with the catheter and bottle of prostaglandin, and when it is done, and the first dose of hormone injected, she cries.

At one o'clock, the patients who have recovered are taken upstairs to different beds. Another batch starts trickling through the front door. Upstairs in the office, the day sister is discussing the fact that the third prostaglandin patient has failed to arrive. Two o'clock. The late shift arrives. And the theatre is ready again. The sluice is cleared of the debris of the morning and all the minute arms and legs are disposed of. The first patient is wheeled in.

Consequences

There is a ring at the door. It is the girl who didn't arrive at eight o'clock with the others, and her father is with her. She didn't really want to come, her father explains, but she must take the consequences. The girl, Gwen, is 15 and scared. She is hurriedly put into bed and the doctor is consulted. Her father stays with her to make sure she doesn't run away again. At four o'clock, when they come to induce the labour, he has to be persuaded to wait outside while it is done. Gwen screams a lot, and June and Melanie look at each other. Melanie has got a pain and she is wondering if it will get much worse. June knows how bad it will be.

Just after seven o'clock they bring June the gas-and-oxygen machine. She breathes it gratefully. It will soon be over. Melanie cannot hold on any longer. She cries out and a nurse gives her pethidine. The ambulant patients are in the lounge watching television, so they do not hear June's cries as she ejects into the world her small, perfectly formed foetus which has lived for only 17 weeks. It is like a doll, and the nurse averts her glance when she inadvertently catches sight of it amongst the sheets of paper towel. It is a boy. She wraps it hurriedly, clamps the cord, and the other nurse takes it from the room. When it is all over, June puts her face in the pillow and cries.

Eight o'clock is officially night at the clinic. The night staff arrive, one nurse and one auxiliary. The nurse is new, she has never done this type of work before. She is more accustomed to delivering full-term babies and is not sure how she will react to this novel situation. The day nurse tells her about Gwen, just as the buzzer sounds. Melanie is ready. She gulps at the gas-and-oxygen and her head begins to swim. Suddenly the tension and drama is over and Melanie is exhausted. The nurses take the trolley away and clean up the mess. Melanie and June sleep.

Gwen's father finally leaves. The day staff have all gone, too, and the night nurse is a little scared by her responsibility. Gwen is beginning to grow panicky. The nurse tries to reassure her, but the girl keeps crying out and ringing the bell, until the nurse starts to get rather cross. At ten o'clock the nurse gives Gwen another dose of hormone, and tells her to sleep. She will be a long time yet. Then she goes back to the office and reads the records of the patients. The phrase "wants

TOP" occurs with monotonous regularity. She doesn't know what it means. It suddenly comes to her. TOP: termination of pregnancy. She is beginning to doubt her reasons for taking this post. The bell rings. Gwen is rolling around and crying. It is disturbing the other patients, so she checks the catheter and gives her fifty milligrams of pethidine. By midnight Gwen is quiet.

A Small Warm Creature

At two o'clock Gwen is screaming again, calling for an injection. It is only three hours, but the dose was a small one so the nurse gives her some more. Then she has to help the auxiliary to make about thirty linen packs for the next day's patients. It is hot work and they take a long time. By four o'clock they are finished, and Gwen is moaning again. At six Gwen starts screaming. The nurse pulls the curtains and checks the catheter. It is out. Gwen is ready. The nurse feels she needs as much reassurance as the girl. She has seen it done when she was shown around the clinic two days previously. It appeared to be easy. She puts on sterile gloves and urges Gwen to co-operate. There is paper everywhere, so it comes as a shock when she misjudges and the child arrives without warning. It falls into her hand - a small warm creature that feels like a damp kitten - and it wriggles convulsively in her grasp. She forces herself not to look and wraps it in the paper. It is far too small to cry. She cuts the cord.

At seven o'clock the beds still have to be stripped, although the nurse has managed to take the temperatures. There is a queue to use the telephone. They all want taxis to take them home or to the station. Yet none of them can go until they have been passed as fit by the day sister. The nurse hurries about taking blood pressures. She smiles at the patients, but she cannot forget how she felt when a tiny 18-week-old fetus wriggled in the palm of her hand. At eight o'clock the day staff arrive. The night nurse gives her report and they check the drugs. She puts on her coat and walks up the road to the bus-stop. She has made up her mind. She will not be coming back.

And the taxis are arriving at number 58.

Reprinted in abridged form from **Life News**, journal of LIFE.

EVILS OF ZIONISM

"WITH regard to the conjecture concerning Terry Waite and Syria, I would point out that Waite is one of only a handful who have been abducted by the group wishing to liberate Palestine, whereas Israel has abducted hundreds in their destabilisation of Lebanon and they are held under conditions abhorrent to the civilised world. Even the Israeli Supreme Court recently released a second prisoner held under fake evidence given by Shin Bet, much to the consternation of the Shamir Government. Zionism hates any form of criticism and if the West publicly criticised the inhuman holding of Palestinian hostages, then Terry Waite would be set free immediately. Israel's policies in the Middle East suit the USSR admirably.

- A.S. Hutchings, **Catholic Herald**, 19th June.

Read SPEARHEAD. Edited by John Tyndall and published in support of the B.N.P. Send 63p for a sample copy to P.O. Box 446, London SE23 2LS.

AN EYE FOR THE MAIN CHANCE

We often wondered whether those Tamil "refugees" had successfully passed through the Canadian eye (vide Candour September 1986). The last we had heard of them was when their case for Refugee Status was the subject of an Inquiry there. Now, with the arrival of 172 Sikhs smuggled into Canada, as a spin-off to this news we are given an update on the long-forgotten Tamils: yes, they were allowed to stay. Well, we may not have known this, but you can bet it was known in the East. And now with the next lot having arrived, it was immediately announced there was no way they would not be allowed to stay. So: Hindus, Sikhs, Tamils, Buddhist Sri Lankans, etc. - the West must accept any group of them fleeing for their lives, they say, from any other variety of these wonderful people. They are such a good example to us in the materialist West. Materialist it is, true enough, and blind to the truth.

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LEGALISED USURY

Because John Calvin legalised money-lending at interest, the State has legalised money-lending at interest. Because the State has legalised money-lending, home-owners have mortgaged their homes. Because the State has legalised money-lending at interest, farmers have mortgaged their farms. Because the State has legalised money-lending at interest, congregations have mortgaged their churches. Because the State has legalised money-lending at interest, institutions have mortgaged their buildings. Because the State has legalised money-lending at interest, Cities, Counties, States, and the Federal Government have mortgaged their budgets. So people find themselves in all kinds of financial difficulties because the State has legalised money-lending at interest.

PAUL MAURIN

And because money-lending at interest is no longer anathema to the Church? - Editor.

MERRIE ENGLAND...

"THREE thousand lesbians defied the elements as they paraded through London in the biggest-ever Lesbian Strength march... The heavens opened the moment the march left Hyde Park and the marchers were frustrated by a couple of stoppages... Some Black women at the head of the demonstration were offended by the sight of leather-clad lesbians being led on leads attached to studded dog collars..." (from **Capital Gay** magazine)

...AND WHITE AUSTRALIA?

"WEALTHY Japanese business men are snapping up expensive holiday homes in Perth on property 'shopping trips'. A local real estate company is arranging the deals and says it expects to sell 100 homes worth \$20 million in the next year. The houses, which are being paid for in cash, will mostly be used as holiday homes... Another real estate firm said that it was investigating a scheme to sell residential building blocks to Japanese investors..." (from **The West Australian**, 15/7/87)

LADIES IN WRITING

by FRANCIS CANAVAN S.J.

A YEAR or so from now we shall find ourselves listening to an updated set of New Testament readings at Mass. If we listen carefully, we will notice that these readings avoid using the word "man" in any context where it refers to both the human sexes. No longer shall we hear that man does not live by bread alone; it will have become "One does not live by bread alone." To say that man does not live by bread alone, you see, implies that woman does, because the word "man" is "exclusive". It never includes women as well as men, even though you and I and just about everyone else always thought it did.

How did this piece of ideological feminism get into our liturgy? It was put there by a committee of scholars whom the American Catholic Bishops commissioned to revise the flat and pedestrian translation of the New Testament that has been used for liturgical readings since 1970. According to press reports, the committee has devised a more dignified and less banal translation, but it seems also to have fallen into the feminist trap. Perhaps it would be accurate to say it has jumped in. The committee's secretary, the Rev. Stephen J. Hartdegen, says that one of the most difficult issues the committee faced was how to translate texts that were seen as "discriminating against women". To avoid this invidious discrimination, the committee resolved to use the noun "man", and the pronoun "he", when referring only to persons of the male sex. In so deciding, they accepted the feminist definition of "man".

Cold Blooded Murder

It is fixed in the feminist mind that "man" means and can only mean "male". The trouble with that idea is not only that it is false. Even worse, it makes it impossible to speak English coherently. The effort to speak English as feminists would have us do leads to Henry Higgins' cry of rage in My Fair Lady: "By rights she should be taken out and hung for the cold-blooded murder of the English tongue!" The original and root meaning of the syllable "man" in all the Teutonic languages was "human being", and so it remains to this day. English is exceptional only in that precisely the same set of letters, m-a-n, denotes both the human species and the male sex of the species. German, for example, uses two words from the same root, Mensch, human being, and Mann, male human being. In English, "woman" is "man" with a prefix meaning "female". Only a feminist can believe that a woman is a female male; the rest of us know that she is a female man, i.e. human being.

Fr. Hartdegen knows this, too. "The generic sense of 'man' is traditional in English," he admits, but "many today reject it." Many? Some nuns, lawyers, academics and other female yuppies reject it, that is true. But they are a relatively small class of professional people who identify themselves with their careers and have convinced themselves that allowing "man" to be used in the generic sense blocks their progress in their careers. The overwhelming majority of English-speakers of both sexes could not care less about "exclusive" language and will not take the trouble to speak the new "inclusive" language. For to use feminist Newspeak consistently is a lot of trouble. We must practise an awkward, cumbersome and ultimately silly

way of speaking English in order to refer to the human species without ever using the only name we have for it: man. It is like the children's game whose point is to answer questions without using a certain word. "Green", let us say, is the forbidden word. Q: What colour is grass? A: A shade between yellow and blue.

This is fun if we are playing a game. But it is a tiresome nuisance if we are forced, day in and day out, to resort to such barbarisms as chairperson, policeperson, fireperson and even (God deliver us) clergyperson, or to say "he or she" everytime we use the third person singular pronoun with a general reference. Yet if we are to satisfy the feminists, we must speak this clumsy and stilted language. Either that, or we must resort to endless circumlocution, such as avoiding personal pronouns by repeating the noun "the individual" every time a pronoun would be called for.

Bureaucrats and Bishops

Feminists may succeed in compelling bureaucrats - who do not speak English anyhow - to use "non-sexist" language. But why are our bishops giving in to them? The mushy-headed cleric who is all heart and no brain is a familiar figure, but he usually does not become a bishop. From bishops we may reasonably expect the intelligence to recognise nonsense when they see it and the courage to stand up to it. The temptation of the busy administrator, however, is to placate a clamorous pressure group by making what he regards as a mere token concession to it. The row, after all, is only about a word, and the word is not worth fighting about, so let them have it. From now on we shall not say, "Man does not live by bread alone," but "One does not live by bread alone," and that should shut these irksome ladies up.

But whether going along with them when they are making fools of themselves is really doing them a favour, and whether it will in fact shut them up, are questions whose answer only the future will reveal. In the meantime, let me suggest one more change in the liturgy: the response to the readings at Mass should be, "Speak English yet!"

HOW STRANGE IS THE CHANGE ROUND BUCKINGHAM PALACE

BRITAIN'S first Black guardsman has run into a spot of trouble with the authorities. The Army is remaining tight-lipped, but the Sunday Express revealed on July 5th that he has appeared before his commanding officer and been "summarily dealt with". Mystery surrounds the nature of his offence. However, a guardsman was reported as saying, "There was an investigation by the Army's Special Investigation Branch into the case of a wallet containing money which had gone missing. It was a hush-hush enquiry, but there was gossip in the barracks that Guardsman Stokes was among those interviewed." Another trainee guardsman said Stokes was given jankers for fourteen days - lenient treatment when anyone else would be court-martialled, locked up for twenty-eight days and then thrown out! "Rumour has it," he added, "that Prince Charles gets an up-date of his training every month. There's no question of him not passing out." How's that for Royal discrimination! Does H.R.H. receive an "up-date" on every guardsman, or just the doubtful ones?

STOP PRESS! "The first black volunteer to become a guardsman was held up as an example for others yesterday after taking part in a passing out parade at the Guards Depot, Pirbright" (**The Times**, 31st July).

FORGOTTEN HOLOCAUST

BETWEEN 1929 and 1932 the Soviet government struck a double blow at the peasantry of the USSR: dekulakisation, the dispossession and deportation of millions of peasant families, and collectivisation, the effective abolition of private property in land and the concentration of the remaining peasantry in collective farms under Communist Party control. This was followed in 1932-33 by a terror-famine, which the state inflicted on the collectivised peasants of the Ukraine and certain other areas by setting impossibly high grain quotas, removing every other source of food, and preventing help from outside from reaching the starving millions.

Now, the first full history of one of the most horrendous human and social tragedies of our century has been written by Robert Conquest. His book, **The Harvest of Sorrow** (Oxford University Press), is a fitting sequel to his widely acclaimed **The Great Terror**, an account of the Soviet mass purges of the 1930s. Conservatively estimated, Dr Conquest reports that the war against the peasants cost 14.5 million lives which included 11 million peasants who perished between 1930 and 1937, and another 3.5 million arrested at the time but who died in camps later. Stalin declared, "We have gone over from a policy of limiting the exploiting tendencies of the kulak to a policy of liquidating the kulak as a class." The kulak is known today as the prosperous peasant. In reality, Conquest explains, The "kulak" was really the invention of the communists, who needed a capitalist "exploiter" to foment class war in the countryside. In 1927, the most prosperous of the "exploiters" owned two or three cows and up to 10 hectares of sowing area, for an average family of seven.

Western Blindness

Resistance to Soviet collectivisation was fierce. About 40 to 50 per cent of the cattle in the entire country was slaughtered by the peasants. The number dying in Stalin's war against the peasants, Conquest reports, "was higher than the total deaths for all countries in World War I. There were differences: in the Soviet case, for practical purposes, only one side was armed, and the casualties were almost all on the other side. They included women, children and the old." While this terror occurred, Stalin was able to conceal the reality from the Western world. **New York Times** correspondent Walter Duranty actually wrote articles denying that famine and mass starvation were taking place. Dr Conquest notes that Stalin was "abetted by many Westerners who for one reason or another wished to deceive or be deceived. And even when the facts, or some of them, percolated in a general way into the Western mind, there were Soviet formulae which tended to justify or at least excuse them.

The famine was not due to drought or other natural causes, but was created deliberately through an agricultural policy designed to crush all resistance to communist rule. Grain quotas for the Ukraine and North Caucasus were set up in 1932 at levels far above what could be supplied. To meet the quota, grain was confiscated - regardless of what was needed for subsistence. Those caught plucking grain, including children, were shot. By March 1933, starvation existed on a mass scale. At the same time, Moscow attempted to crush the Ukraine and its nationalism. Stalin understood, Conquest writes, "that the essence of Ukrainian nationhood was contained in the intelligentsia who articulated it, but also in the peasant masses who had sustained it

over the centuries. The decapitation of the nation by removing its spokesmen was indeed essential - and was later evidently to be the motive for Katyn, and for the selective deportations from the Baltic States in 1940. But Stalin seems to have realised that only a mass terror throughout the body of the nation - that is, the peasantry - could really reduce the country to submission."

Genocide In All But Name?

In the novel **Forever Flowing**, the respected Russian author Vasily Grossman reports about conditions in the Ukraine in March 1933: "When the snow melted, true starvation began. People had swollen faces and legs and stomachs. They could not contain their urine....And now they ate nothing at all. They caught mice, rats, sparrows, ants, earthworms. They ground up bones into flour, and did the same with leather and shoe soles; they cut up old skins and furs to make noodles of a kind, and they cooked glue. And when the grass came up, they began to dig up the roots and eat the leaves and the buds...." All the while, Communist Party officials were able to obtain food as well as other goods. Peasants died, while party members thrived. "It certainly appears that a charge of genocide lies against the Soviet Union for its actions in the Ukraine," Conquest declares. "But whether these events are to be formally defined as genocide is scarcely the point. It would hardly be denied that a crime has been committed against the Ukrainian nation...."

Westerners visited the Ukraine - and accepted Stalin's statement that no famine existed. Edouard Herriot, the French radical leader, twice premier of his country, was in the USSR in August and September 1933. He spent five days in the Ukraine on a conducted tour and said that no famine existed. He blamed reports of such a policy on anti-Soviet elements (**Pravda**, 13th September, 1933). Even now, Conquest points out, today's Soviet leaders defend Stalin's forced collectivisation and deny that mass terror and death were the result. The failed agricultural system continues to plague the USSR. What occurred, he notes, "was all part of the normal political experience of the senior members of today's ruling group in the Kremlin. And the system then established...is part of the Soviet order...today."

A.C.B.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Voice of Christian Affirmation, edited by Avril Smith, is a collection of talks given at Christian Affirmation Campaign conferences between 1974 and 1986. Contributors include John Braine and Ray Honeyford, Catholic traditionalists Hamish Fraser and Michael Davies, and Edmund Ball, who proposed at a Baptist Union Conference that his Church should withdraw from the World Council of Churches. Avril's husband, Bernard, was the first writer to expose the Marxist policies of the W.C.C. Price £2.50 from 30 Clifton Road, Worthing, West Sussex.

Natural and Healthy Childhood is a revised edition of Jessie Thomson's 1952 classic guide for mothers in coping with the everyday problems of child-rearing. Mrs Thomson's message is based on the fundamental and lasting philosophy of Naturopathy, her therapies including natural child birth, breast feeding, restricted diets, fasting and remedial exercises. A book for every parent, it is one that grandparents should give to their married children! Price £3.50 from Bloomfield Books, 26 Meadow Lane, Sudbury, Suffolk CO10 6TD.

IF I WERE KING...

by NOEL HUNT

...I WOULD want to know why it has never been clearly explained to my subjects that they cannot have the death penalty brought back, as the majority of them wish, because the European Court has outlawed this penalty and because this Court and its judgements take precedence over the laws passed by my Parliament.

...I would want to know why my subjects have never been plainly told that as a result of the Single European Act, Parliament no longer rules England under me.

...I would want to know why sodomites, catamites and sexual perverts are being presented as normal and acceptable members of society, and why we need more lesbians in public life.

...I would want to know why my indigenous English subjects are being discriminated against by the formation of "black sections" in trades unions and political parties that claim to disapprove strongly of all forms of racial discrimination by anyone at all, especially white South Africans.

...I would want to know why more "Boat People" are to be admitted to my already over-crowded country, particularly since my Ministers are unable to provide suitable employment or housing for millions of my subjects already here.

...I would want to know why the Labour Party claims to want the strongest possible non-nuclear forces, when these will be capable of meeting all calls on them save those of actual attack and defence.

...I would want to know why the innumerate and illiterate among my subjects are not only allowed a vote, but a vote which carries as much weight as that of an educated and employed citizen and tax-payer.

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1. My Life, Oswald Mosley (1968) 2. The Fascists in Britain, Colin Cross (1961) 3. The British Political Fringe, George Thayer (1965) 4. Fraudulent Conversion, Colin Jordan (1955) 5. Racketeers of Hatred, Louis Bondy (1946) 6. The Alternative, Oswald Mosley (1947) 7. Mosley The Facts, collected writings and speeches (1957).

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